

Of sight, smell, taste : the cuckow-seasons sing
 The same dull note to such as nothing prize
 But what those seasons from the teeming earth
 To doating sense indulge : but nobler minds,
 Which relish fruits unripen'd by the sun,
 Make their days various ; various as the dyes
 On the dove's neck, which wanton in his rays :
 On minds of dove-like innocence possess'd,
 On lighten'd minds that bask in virtue's beams,
 Nothing hangs tedious, nothing old revolves
 In that for which they long, for which they live :
 Their glorious efforts wing'd with heavenly hope,
 Each rising morning sees still higher rise ;
 Each bounteous dawn its novelty presents
 To worth maturing, new strength, lustre, fame ;
 While nature's circle, like a chariot-wheel
 Rolling beneath their elevated aims,
 Makes their fair prospect fairer every hour,
 Advancing virtue in a line to bliss ;
 Virtue—which christian motives best inspire !
 And bliss—which christian schemes alone ensure !

And shall we then, for virtue's sake, commence
 Apostates ? and turn infidels for joy ?
 A truth it is few doubt, but fewer trust,
 " He sins against this life who slights the next."
 What is this life ? how few their favourite know !
 Fond in the dark, and blind in our embrace,
 By passionately loving life, we make
 Loved life unlovely ; hugging her to death :
 We give to time eternity's regard ;

And, dreaming, take our passage for our port :
 Life has no value as an end, but means ;
 An end deplorable ! a means divine !
 When 'tis our all, 'tis nothing ; worse than nought—
 A nest of pains ; when held as nothing, much :
 Like some fair humourists, life is most enjoy'd
 When courted least ; most worth, when disesteem'd ;
 Then 'tis the seat of comfort ; rich in peace,
 In prospect richer far ; important ! awful !
 Not to be mention'd, but with shouts of praise !
 Not to be thought on, but with tides of joy !—
 The mighty basis of eternal bliss !

Where now the barren rock, the painted shrew ?
 Where now, LORENZO ! life's eternal round ?
 Have I not made my triple promise good ?
 Vain is the world ; but only to the vain.
 To what compare we then this varying scene,
 Whose worth ambiguous rises and declines,
 Waxes and wanes ? In all propitious, night
 Assists me here : compare it to the moon
 Dark in herself, and indigent ; but rich
 In borrow'd lustre from a higher sphere :
 When gross guilt interposes, labouring earth
 O'ershow'd mourns a deep eclipse of joy ;
 Her joys, at brightest pallid to that font
 Of full effulgent glory, whence they flow.

Nor is that glory distant : oh LORENZO !
 A good man and an angel, these between
 How thin the barrier ! what divides their fate ?
 Perhaps a moment, or perhaps a year ;